Sgt. Hardy L. Bank
Co M 167th Inf APO 31
Camp Pickett, Va.

JAN 1944

Mr & Mrs. Sam Bank
3018-5th Street,
Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Sunday nite-

Dearest Mother, Daddy, & Lottie:

I received your card today, and sure was glad to hear from you once again. Thanks for the copy of the code. I sure hope Mother is feeling alright now. Daddy, you said you were going to the dentist Xmas day and have your teeth fixed. Did you go? Let me know. Right?

I put a call in for home there tonight, but it never came through. Hope it comes through later on in the night. When you ever get a call in for me, you call me back at 167th Infantry Headquarters. You see we can't call from there, but we can receive calls there. Understand?? Now, don't just glance at this letter and forget it. When I put in a call for you, you tell the operator to get in touch with me at the Headquarters. If Mother don't get better, be sure and get the Red Cross to wire me, and don't you wire me. Understand?

Now, another thing. I am sending a barracks bag home this week with a lot of junk in it. Please have the clothes cleaned, and keep them all together. One of these days I will wire or write you to send some of them, or all of them back to me, and I won't remember all of the things in it. So, Mother, please put all of them in a drawer and keep them together so they won't be like the last time when I could not find a thing I sent home. Keep them all together. Understand?

I didn't receive the Xmas present that you have been raving about in all of your cards.

That is about all for now, so be good, and write soon. By the way, I received a box of candy from Waites in B'ham., and it had no card in it. Please ask the kinfolks in B'ham who sent it, so I can thank them for it. I haven't the least idea who sent it, and it sure was good.

Write soon, and let me know how Mother is feeling. Hope by this time Mother is up and around again and leading the life of leisure that she is used to all of her life. Right?

Love,

Harold

P.S. My Commander has decided to keep me in the office, instead of putting me on the field. Rough, isn't it? Nectucutug !